

LISCUM IN FIELD.

A Correspondent Writes About the
Slain Officer.

PEN PICTURE OF THE SOLDIERS

Whom the Brave Old Commander Fairly Worshipped—“Look at Those Beautiful Men,” Said the Colonel, in Praise of the Ninth Infantry—How He Was Rescued From Drowning—A Splendid Soldier, an Ideal Gentleman and a Brave Man.

“Look at those beautiful men.”

Colonel Liscum never uttered words more significant of his personality than these. It was one of the big days for American arms in North Central Luzon last November. Every officer, correspondent and soldier had been looking forward to a grand time at Tarlac. This town was fifteen miles beyond the point where I first saw Colonel Liscum. Tarlac was the reputed stronghold of indefinite thousands. Aguinaldo was said to be there, and it did not seem possible that the Filipino adventurer could escape. Three divisions from three different points had Tarlac for an objective point. General Wheeler, with a couple of regiments, was pushing down the Dagupan end of the trail, while General MacArthur and General Wheeler were forcing their way northward through rain, steam and fathomless mud. General Lawton and General Young were coming down from the northwest and destroying the killing monotony of dawn-to-dark marches through the medium of an occasional brush with the rebels.

A bunch of correspondents—John T. McCutcheon, of the Chicago Record; John F. Bass, of the New York Herald, and myself, says Will Livingston Comfort in the Kansas City Star—were riding with the Ninth Infantry, Colonel Liscum's regiment. Ahead was the Bantam river and on the opposite side was the town, bearing the same name. The Ninth expected a fight at Bantam. Under Liscum the regiment was racing toward Tarlac to get the first honors in the expected capture of the notorious rebel. The roadbed sinks into a narrow pass just before reaching the Bantam river. As the vanguard swung through the defile firing began upon the opposite shore. It was wonderful to see the transformation in the sweating, muddy infantrymen, thrilling to hear the commands of the officers and the mutterings of the men. There was no cursing, no lagging in the lines now. Here was longed for recreation. Colonel Liscum stood upon the bank directing his men, stood straight up and minded the bullets as much as if they had been paper wads. The fellows in dirty brown canvas, who had been cursing the sky and the trail and at each other a moment before, were in harness now. Each took his proper place in the deploys; each struck at the heart of the matter, not with the dogged conventional of a machine, but with an unerring and individual symmetry which showed brains and nerves and fighting bottom. It was standing there under fire that Colonel Liscum was heard to say: “Look at those beautiful men.”

Liscum's Ninth Infantry. There was a strange beauty in this thread of wet brown skirmishers in front. The boys played low, poked with the fellows nearest them and laughed and advanced—meanwhile the rebels in the trenches, not fifty yards away, were pouring wicked volleys at the white men, who bucked the swift current, belt-high, filled Krag magazines with loaded, dripping shells and neared the swaying white cloud of smoke across which showed where the trenches were. The thoughts which prompted the words of the leader that moment came to all of us who watched, a thought that these fellows from the states would strike and strike and strike again until there was a giving away in front. But they only had to strike once at Bantam.

The Mausers glanced screamingly from the streams and made holes in the sand, in the bamboo thickets on the opposite shore, and in the soldiers bucking the current of the river. A couple of men were carried down stream; their heads were under most of the time. Lieutenant Davis, of Colonel Bell's regiment, fell dead in the river, shot in a place where he did not

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feel. Then Colonel Liscum dashed forward. In the center of the current he stepped upon a rolling stone and was carried rapidly down. The men about him forgot themselves, the bullets about them, forgot everything save that their colonel was in danger. Almost severely the old soldier was seized by his men and placed once more upon his feet. Then the Ninth cheered. That cheer took the nerve of the enemy, and gave access to the trenches. Each rebel seemed to think, as the yell went up to high heaven, that the Americans had taken some part of the trenches remote from his own position and those Tagal soldiers, who remembered that they had guns in their hands, dropped them promptly. All you could hear was the whirling of brown legs. After that the American soldiers fled into the deserted shacks of Bantam, lighted cigarettes, and talked over the fight while the company cooks got dinner.

In this interval the correspondents hunted up Colonel Liscum, and that morning in Bantam I learned that he was not only a splendid soldier, whose rank came from the callous of many wars, but that he was also an ideal gentleman, who could dispense bacon and hard tack to hungry press men with princely courtesy. It was a great thing to see his blue eyes light up with the fire of enthusiasm when he talked about his men, and these men of his were in every thought. He laughed carelessly about his adventure of the morning, but looked silent and thoughtful a moment afterwards. The words which he uttered that day, pointing out of the window of his quarters toward the soldiers in the streets, recurred with strange force now:

“I hope,” said he, “that those boys forget such methods as they used this morning if they ever get really up against it. The American soldier in this service is worthy of a better foe, but it wouldn't do for him to walk up on a live trench if there were real soldiers inside. These men wouldn't be there now if they had met this morning such fellows as we fought in the Civil war. It would have been fanaticism to use such tactics as we used this morning in the other rebellion.”

His Estimate of His Men. The colonel described the way his men got into a fight in the following way:

“They like nothing better than a chance to charge a rebel trench, and they prefer open ground. While the men do not draw unnecessary fire, I have never seen a single member of the Ninth hesitate. You saw this morning what utter indifference they displayed to the fire in front. It would not be well for them to remember and repeat such tactics if they ever get into real battle.”

Colonel Liscum paused reflectively while we who listened were lost in admiration. The old colonel was so soldierly, so handsome, so filled with enthusiasm when he talked about his men, one could tell now how the boys in the river had felt when their leader was being carried down stream. We did not wonder they had forgotten themselves and the fire in front until he was once more upon his feet. Suddenly Colonel Liscum stated:

“There is something irresistible in the way American soldiers do business,” he said. “They take matters in their own hands, charge and cheer. Take all there is to it. And they like it immensely. They are always good-natured for a couple of days after a fight.”

And just now the eyes of the world are straining to learn how these same fellows who took the trenches at Bantam under Liscum last November, acted in the terrible crush of numbers at Tien Tsin. And when the story of that fight comes home it will be found that the men of the Ninth acted like Americans and soldiers, all, and old Colonel Liscum was with his beloved boys, where he has always been.

One little incident will show the kindness of the fallen infantry leader's vast heart. Speaking of the Philippine fights the colonel said:

“This service over here is pathetically one-sided. Come with me and I will show you the sort of soldiers we're busy with now.”

He led the way to where a cot containing a wounded Filipino prisoner was placed. The insectroto was hardly more than a boy. Bloody bandages about his waist told of a wound in the abdomen. The prisoner watched every movement of the colonel with great black staring eyes. There was the utterable horror of death in those eyes.

The Mistrusting Filipinos.

“He thinks I am going to kill him,” Colonel Liscum said, sadly. “He would not believe if I told him that it is not so, poor Muchacho.” He patted the boy's leg kindly.

There was a change the insurgent could not understand. He believed that the Americans were delaying his end in order to torture him the more.

“They have no conception of the valor which the Americans show,” Liscum continued. “They think we hate them. They cannot believe that we are merciful. I wish I could make this poor boy easy. He will neither eat nor drink for fear of poison, and he is only one of the army. Is it strange that we gain fresh territory each day? In truth, there is much pathos in this force of a rebellion.”

In the cold, stern facts presented by army records the achievements of Colonel Liscum are brilliant. He participated in every war that befell the nation in his time. In each station he made his men love him, which, after all, is the surest test of a good officer. The Ninth Infantry was the joy of the old man's heart, and when he faced the last hard trial, it is safe to say he did not frown, for he was with his “beautiful men.”

Terrific Wind and Rain Storm.

FRONTON, O., July 23.—A terrific wind, hail and rain storm last evening demolished Spanner, Cohen & Goodman's planing mill, blew out the end of the Belfont Company's brick warehouse, unroofed the Enterprise planing mill, and unroofed hundreds of shade trees. Houses in the lowlands were flooded and many were struck by lightning.

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WOMEN IN HYSTERIC

And all the Crew Confused After the Campanian Plunged Through the Embleton—Captain Cried “Every Man for Himself.”

NEW YORK, July 23.—The Herald's London correspondent describing the Campanian-Embleton collision, says:

Dr. J. Warren, a passenger from New York, said he looked out of his state-room porthole when he heard the crash. In a moment he saw the wrecked ship sliding past the Campanian and he rushed on deck. All was confusion on the deck. The Campanian passengers had rushed out of their staterooms without dressing.

“Women were in hysterics,” he added. “I saw two sailors of the wrecked bark clinging to an overturned lifeboat. They were two of those saved. Five others, I am told, were found together, clinging to a spar. When we struck the bark the wooden topmast began to fall.

Jumped for His Life in the Sea. “The lookout in the crew's nest thought the whole mast was going. He jumped for his life into the sea. He was picked up by a lifeboat. The apprentice boy from the bark told me that his captain, upon rushing on deck, cried: ‘Every man for himself.’ The Norwegian jumped from the bow of the bark. He was undoubtedly crushed in the collision.

“This boy also said it was a miracle the Campanian had not been blown to pieces. The boy said: ‘We were carrying a lot of dynamite and gunpowder to New Zealand. Our cargo of explosives was distributed fore and aft. She was struck amidships. Had the collision occurred either fore or aft the Campanian would surely have been destroyed.’”

SOCIETY SENSATION.

Mrs. Warner Brings Proceedings Against Her Husband.

SPECIAL DISPATCH to the Intelligencer. PARKERSBURG, W. Va., July 23.—Mrs. Margaret B. Warner entered suit for divorce against William W. Warner, in the circuit court yesterday. The announcement of the proceedings caused quite a sensation, because of the social position of the parties interested.

Mrs. Warner is a noted beauty, distinguished for the elegance of her costumes, and previous to her marriage was a Miss Clay. The defendant is the son of one of the wealthiest retired merchants in the city and for many years has held a responsible position with the Standard Oil Company here, but recently was transferred to Sistersville. The bill of complaint was serious charges against the defendant.

Street Cars Derailed.

SPECIAL DISPATCH to the Intelligencer. STEUBENVILLE, O., July 23.—Due to grease thrown on the Steubenville-Mingo railway line at the Mingo end, a car slid and jumped the track last night. Another car that came along to pull it on the track struck the greased place and bumped into the derailed car. Conductor Joseph Tweed and a Miss Hemp were bruised and cut.

Soldier Crouch Murdered.

SPECIAL DISPATCH to the Intelligencer. CUMBERLAND, Md., July 23.—Friends here yesterday were informed of the murder in Pinar del Rio, Cuba, of Harry L. Crouch, a former member of Company C, First Maryland Volunteers, in the war with Spain. Crouch came here from Buckhannon, W. Va., and enlisted.

Roosevelt at Atlantic City.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Gov. Roosevelt left Oyster Bay early this morning for Atlantic City, where he will make an address before the Jewish Chautauqua Assembly this afternoon.

Wrecking Steamer Arrives.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Merritt and Chapman's wrecking steamer Rescue, arrived this morning with the wrecked steamer Songa in tow, from Tampico via Charleston, S. C. The Songa, a Norwegian tramp steamer, went ashore at Tampico, March 17 last.

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CIVIL SERVICE

Will be Adopted by Board of Regents of State Normal School—Teachers to Continue During a Period of Satisfactory Service.

SPECIAL DISPATCH to the Intelligencer. FAIRMONT, W. Va., July 23.—The board of regents of the state normal school has decided to adopt the scheme of Prof. Waltman T. Barbe, to appoint all normal school teachers for a period covering satisfactory service. This does away with the yearly appointment of teachers, as heretofore, and is a sort of civil service for the schools.

The Weston Petroleum Company and Frank Keyser have sold three gas wells near Weston of an aggregate production of about 16,000,000 feet of gas a day, to Pittsburgh parties, who, it is said, will build a carbon factory for the manufacture of carbons used in making the electric arc lights.

Abraham Thorn, eighty-five years old, of Thornton, Taylor county, was almost gored to death by a bull. He was on horseback when the animal attacked him, and while it was killing the horse he managed to climb over a fence, where he laid unconscious for some time. He was horribly gored about the legs and was hurt internally.

Friends of Miss Julia Bonafide, of Tunnelton, who has been a missionary to Foo Chow, China, for some time, fear she has been massacred.

An Aged Couple Dies.

Mr. and Mrs. Compton, an aged and highly respected couple of the vicinity of Staunton, Hampshire county, both died recently, but a few days apart. Both were in the neighborhood of eighty years of age.

The Marion county Republicans held district conventions Saturday, and elected delegates to the senatorial, judicial and county conventions. There was much interest taken in the conventions, the attendance being large, and the utmost harmony prevailed. Capt. E. A. Ellingsen was chairman of the Fairmont convention, at which, in addition to the election of delegates, T. A. Fleming and James E. Conaway were nominated for justices of the peace, Thomas F. Tucker and Francis M. Swisher for constables, Dr. J. W. Brownfield and John W. Everhart for school commissioners. A. O. Lehman was elected a member of the executive committee.

THE CROOK ARRIVES

With a Detachment of the Eighth Infantry—Will Go West and Recruit to Its Full Strength for Service in China.

NEW YORK, July 23.—The United States army transport Crook, having on board a detachment of the Eighth United States volunteer infantry, from Havana, arrived here this morning.

The enlisted men of the Eighth infantry on the Crook numbers 642, and are under the command of Lieut. Col. P. H. Mills. The troops comprise six companies, band and hospital corps. The officers of the regiment, with families and servants, numbered thirty-six persons. There are also on board eleven cabin passengers, including Col. W. V. Richards, adjutant general division of Cuba; Col. W. L. Haskins, Second United States artillery; Major E. S. Godfrey, Seventh United States cavalry; Major A. C. Taylor, Second United States artillery; Lieut. K. W. Shull, Second artillery, and N. S. Steinhart, chief clerk headquarters, division of Cuba.

Detachment Will Go West.

The Eighth infantry contingent are expected to proceed immediately after release from quarantine to a post in the west, probably Fort Snelling, where the regiment is recruiting to its full strength. The officers of the Eighth infantry on board the Crook are: Lieut. Col. P. H. Mills, Majors J. F. Stretch and W. J. Pitcher, Captain C. W. Kennedy, Adjutant and Captain John Stafford, Quartermaster Lieutenant: M. B. Stewart, commissary; Lieut. J. F. Jarda, battalion adjutant; Captains C. F. Terrett, M. D. Parker, Frederick Perkins, Charles Gerhardt and F. N. Sargent; Lieutenants F. J. Knudson, H. M. Merchant, H. A. Maton, E. W. Perkins, J. F. James, C. B. Smith, F. W. Healy, H. P. Goodnow and H. H. Pope; Doctors N. H. Safeby and De Portour, and Chief Musician P. C. Conterno.

The Crook will be detained until the five days quarantine expires, which will be about midnight. This time may be shortened somewhat, because the troops were on board the transport for some time before sailing. All are well on board, and the men are in good condition.

Preparing for Chinese Service.

Colonel Kimball, depot quartermaster, announced to-day that the Crook would remain in the bay during the day. To-morrow morning the troops will land and go to the grand central station, from where they will go by rail to Port Snelling, Minn., where they will recruit and reit ready for further orders.

Three battalions of the Fifteenth regiment, stationed on Governor's Island, will be taken from the island to-morrow to the Lehigh Valley depot in Jersey City, where they will go to San Francisco. They will take with them ten carloads of provisions, medical stores, canvas warehouses, hardware, and trenching tools. The first battery of artillery from Fort Wadsworth and the first battery from Fort Hamilton will take the place of these three battalions on the island. Sixteen packers have also been sent to Seattle, Washington, there to join the packing trains now preparing for service in China.

Relief Steamer Disabled.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., July 23.—The Peary relief steamer Windward entered the harbor at Port au Basque, at the southwest extremity of the island, Saturday, with part of her machinery disabled. Places to replace the broken sections reached here by train at noon to-day. It will probably require a few days to make the necessary repairs. The ship may seriously disarrange the delay's plans for reaching the far north.

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